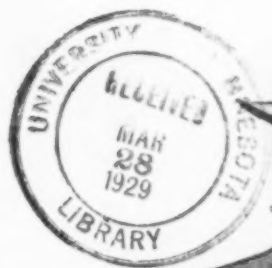


NEW YORK LIFE ~ In this issue

H 7
Life

March 29,
1929

10¢



Flowers that boom in the Spring



Washable Skrip—15 and 25 cents a bottle—in blue, green, violet, red, black. Permanent Royal Blue Skrip—25 cents a bottle

De Luxe Black and Pearl Lifetime^o Pen, \$10



Skrip, successor to ink, makes all pens write better and Lifetime^o pens write best

If you believe that all writing fluids are alike, you don't know Skrip. Think—Skrip cannot clog your pen! Because of its guarded formula, Skrip remains forever fluid in pens, yet, dries quicker on paper. Skrip-filled pens write instantly and without stutter or blot. A joy to use! Buy two bottles—Washable Skrip, smooth, and brilliant, for school and home (washes easily out of clothing) and fast-color Permanent Royal Blue Skrip for business. In a Sheaffer's Lifetime^o pen, peer of writing instruments, Skrip forms the finest alliance of all. Try them, you'll wish you'd met them sooner!

^oGuaranteed unconditionally for your lifetime

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SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · DESK SETS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA, U. S. A.

New York · Chicago · San Francisco

Wellington, N. Z. · Sydney, Australia · London—199 Regent St.

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Identify the Lifetime^o pen by this white dot



Uniform Blue
Cap Leads
15 cents

Lifetime Desk Fountain Pen Set, Jet or Crystal-clear Glass, Green Brazilian Onyx or Genuine Italian Marble, \$10





This Thing called "SPRING" for Timken-equipped cars



April performance carried into December mileage . . . youth perennial . . . it is *This Thing Called "Spring"* in motoring . . . coveted by motorists and explained by two words—"Timken-Equipped."

This is an all inclusive and conclusive phrase covering defense against shock, thrust, torque and speed. It assures

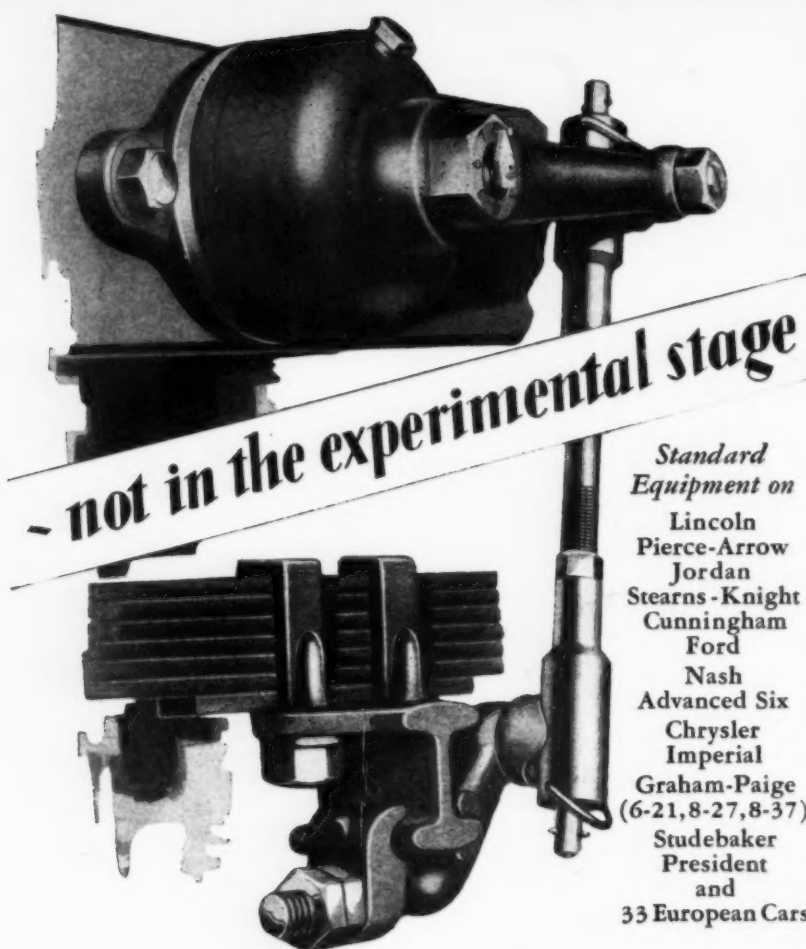
car owners of these exclusive superiorities—Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS* and Timken electric steel.

Wise dealers mention "Timken-Equipped" first. If they do not, most buyers ask to be enlightened upon this point and decide in favor of "Cars That Stay Young".

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN Tapered Roller BEARINGS

LIFE: Published Weekly by Life Publishing Company, 598 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. Subscription, \$5.00. Vol. 93, No. 2421, March 29, 1929. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter New York, June 8, 1883, at New York Post Office, under act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio. Ent'd as 2nd Class Matter at the Post Office Dept., Canada. Copyright 1929, Life Pub. Co., in U. S., England and British Possessions.



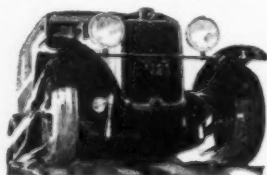
Standard
Equipment on
Lincoln
Pierce-Arrow
Jordan
Stearns-Knight
Cunningham
Ford
Nash
Advanced Six
Chrysler
Imperial
Graham-Paige
(6-21,8-27,8-37)
Studebaker
President
and
33 European Cars

THE acid test of 14 years' performance on hundreds of thousands of cars is outstanding proof of Houdaille hydraulic double-acting shock absorbers. With the world to choose from, 47 American and European car and truck manufacturers have adopted Houdaille shock absorbers as standard equipment *on Merit*. DOUBLE-ACTING, Houdailles absorb those

shocks that make springs "strike bottom." They kill recoil before it starts.

HYDRAULIC, they automatically and instantly adjust their resistance to the size of bumps and force of spring action.

Houdaille shock absorbers sell themselves. Our Distributor will gladly equip your car on trial. You'll wonder how you ever drove without them.



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Hydraulic Double-Acting

SHOCK ABSORBERS

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HOUDAILLE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, 537 E. DELAVAN AVE., BUFFALO, N.Y.

In Canada—222 SIMCOE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Please send me the booklet, "A Smooth Ride Over the Roughest Roads to Anywhere"

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

"It's the Nuts!"

(A Burlesque)

FILBERT, a wayward son, who has brought disgrace upon the family name by contracting hay fever while sowing his wild oats.

Act One

(Enter Kernel Nut and Hazel.)

KERNEL NUT: I was nut-bread in old Kentucky to have no family pride!

HAZEL (weeping): Oh, father, do nut-ake him out thus!

KERNEL NUT (to Filbert): Go! And you butternut come back!

FILBERT: Pine-nut for me, dear sister! Farewell!

Act Two

(Fifteen years later. Hazel is pruning family tree. Enter Kernel Nut.)

KERNEL NUT (wearily): My rheumatism is acorn me bad today, Hazel gal.

HAZEL (spiritedly): I bet them var-mints has been pecan on you again!

KERNEL NUT: You are right, and alas! I can nut-meat the mortgage!

HAZEL (pleadingly): Do nut-shell the old homestead, father!

Act Three

(Same afternoon. Enter three strangers with large, bristling, black pistachios.)

STRANGERS (to Kernel Nut): Walnut, be ye ready to hand over the property?

KERNEL NUT: Almond old man, lads—have pity!

Voice in distance, offstage: Cashew!

HAZEL: Ah me, such shame will shuck our beloved ancestors in their graves!

STRANGERS (impatiently): Come on, we can't nut-loaf around here all day!

Voice in distance, growing nearer: CASHEW!

HAZEL (imploringly): Look! On my knees, I husk you—have mercy!

STRANGERS: All right, boys, bump the old guy on the cocoa-nut too hard!

Voice in distance, rushing upon scene: CASHEW!

KERNEL NUT AND HAZEL: Son!

Brother!

FILBERT: Pardon the repetition, but I have brought the cashew need. (Pays strangers.) Now, do nut-pick on my family again, see? (Exeunt strangers, with money.)

HAZEL AND KERNEL NUT (incredulously): The hull truth, and nothing but the truth!

FILBERT: I have had honest work (every day, but nut-sundaes) in a restaurant—sneezing to blow flies off pies. Am I forgiven?

KERNEL NUT (fondly): Yes, my boy, if you do nut-cracker nother one like that.

(Curtain)

Marian Deitrick.



Life



VOLUME 93

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NUMBER 2421

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LANCHORNE GIBSON, *Vice-President*

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NORMAN ANTHONY, *Editor*
HENRY A. RICHTER, *Secretary-Treasurer*



Blessed are the meek.

My Preferred Stock

I got in on the ground floor—
(Bought fifty shares from Hewitt)
I got in on the ground floor—
(And goodness, how I rue it!)

I got in on the ground floor—
(I'd like to kill that feller)
I got in on the ground floor
And now I'm in the cellar!

A. L. L.

FIRST COOK: What do you do with yourself now that the ice man is out of a job?

SECOND DITTO: Well, the man who collects installments on the electric refrigerator aint such a bad sort!

Another good mixer is the laundry.

FRIEND: What did you do when you found out your busband was leading a double life?

WIFE: Oh, I redoubled.



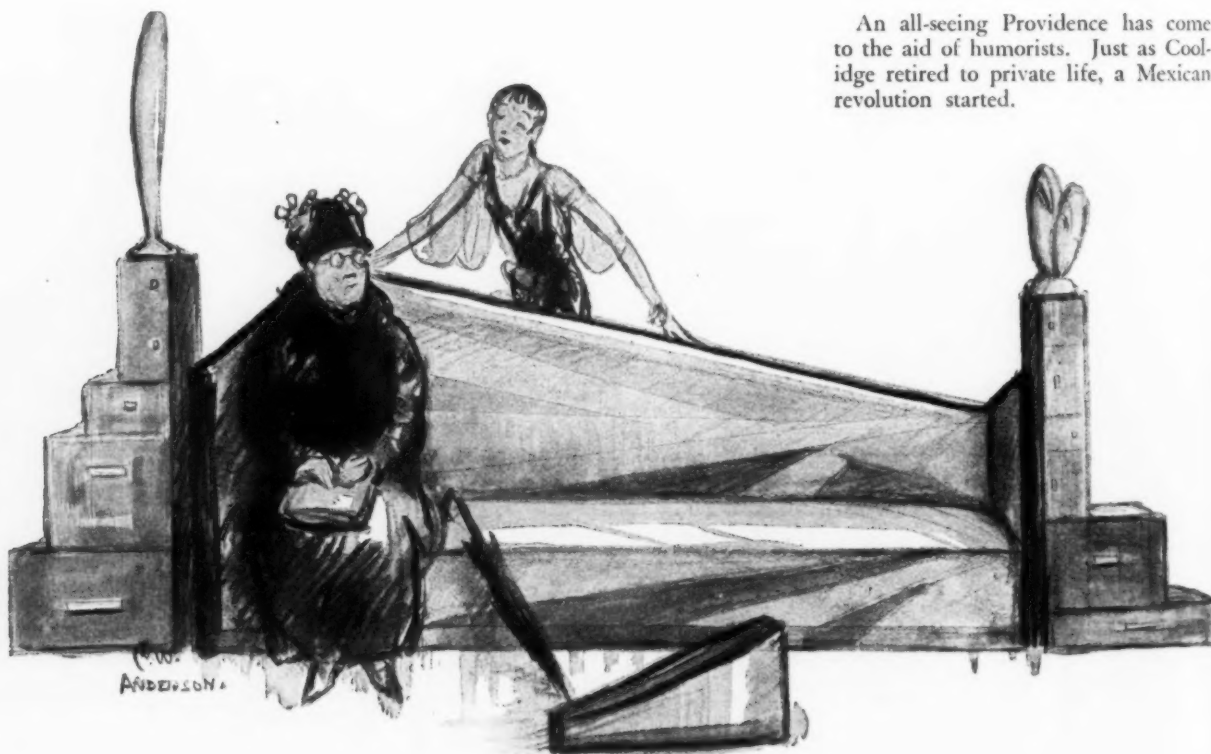
THE CRITIC: Yes, the color is good; but aren't her calves a bit heavy?

1001 Things A Boy Can Make

(854) How to make a cigarette lighter. Remove all of the tobacco.

They Eat 'Em Up

REVISION: All the tabloids love a lover.



An all-seeing Providence has come to the aid of humorists. Just as Coolidge retired to private life, a Mexican revolution started.

"Make yourself at home, Aunt Emma."



CUSTOMER AT SODA FOUNTAIN: *I'll take a chocolate malted milk, three boxes of cold tablets, a fountain pen and a 30 by 3½ balloon tire.*

Not Entirely Destitute

"I never heard of a doctor charging such a high fee before. And all he did was ask me some questions."

"Didn't he take your pulse?"

"No. He left me that."

Then there was the Scotchman who took a dozen clams into the Turkish bath with him so that he could get them steamed for nothing.

A DAD WRITES: When better money is made, my son at college will write home for it.

"Say, Bill, what's an 'electron'?"

"They come every four years and the Democrats lose 'em."

SAYINGS OF A SUBWAY MAGNATE—
The public be jammed.

"Call me a doctor."

"Why?"

"I've just graduated from medical school."



"There's many a slip—"

What the Well-Dressed Man Will Wear On Easter Sunday

Cutaway coat.
Striped trousers.
Wing collar.
Silk hat.
Umbrella.
Raincoat.
Rubbers.

CAPTAIN (in shipwreck): Women and children first!

MATE: Yes, but which are the women?

Believe It Or Not

There was once a movie actor who took his girl out under the moon but couldn't kiss her without a theme song.

All play and no work makes a bum bridge game.

In Chicago

POLICEMAN: You don't need to whisper. There ain't anyone within gun shot.



"—and not only that, baby, but I'll put you in the talkies if I have to hire a ventriloquist to speak your lines."



Short Stories of Life



Greetings!

By L. C. Beutel

Elmer J. Twarck, typewriter-oiler for Greetings, Inc., pricked up his ears.

In the adjoining Board room president A. W. O. L. Geeble was addressing his board of directors.

"The greeting card market, gentlemen, has reached the saturation point," he heard Geeble say. "I mean that business is at a standstill. I mean that sales have slumped. I mean, how are we going to stimulate business?"

"My thought is, A. W. O. L." (this was first vice-president T. Tertaughter speaking) "that the country needs to get more greeting-card-conscious."

"My thought, too, T.," answered Geeble. "But how? I mean how?"

"A few more holidays, A. W. O. L." This from B. B. Beebe, second vice-president. "My thought is to make people more holiday-conscious and consequently more greeting-card-conscious."

"We're over-holidayed already, B. B.," sighed Geeble. "Every available date's taken and they're rationing out half-days now."

"Public school education's at the bottom of it, that's my thought, gentlemen," suggested Tertaughter. "Every child being taught to write, I mean, whether they need it or not. They write letters, and that hurts cards. Now if we could get Congress—"

"Impracticable, T.," interrupted Geeble. "The ink people, you know."

Not to mention the eraser lobby. No—the industry is facing ruin."

There was a strained silence.

But Elmer had heard enough and stepped into the Board room.

"Gentlemen," he began, "I am only a humble typewriter-oiler, but I can give you a thought that will solve the industry's problems."

"My thought," continued Elmer, "is that more cards are not sold because they lack intimacy. *Intimacy!* Suppose that a man has just been elected editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Will his close friends send him our 'Congratulations, old man, on your great success

I knew you'd never stop at less' number? Hardly. Because the sentiment is too general. It lacks that *personal, intimate touch*. But if we had a card that exactly covered this particular situation? Say:

'Now that The Saturday Evening Post

Awards its highest berth

To you, I know we soon will

boast

A bigger nickel's worth!

Would they send it?" He paused.

"Say on, lad, say on!" urged Geeble.

"A girl's fiance sends her a copy of *Browne's Urn Burial*. What does she do now? She thanks him verbally, or still worse, writes him a personal letter. But if she knew there was a *Browne's-Urn-Burial-Acknowledgment*, number at the nearest dealer's?"

The Board sat up. Even Tertaughter was impressed.

"And if the busy traveler could, for ten cents, buy an *I'm-Thinking-Of-You-Ella-Gurn* number? And if the student knew we carried a *Dear-Dad:-Please-send-\$87.50-for-Books-L o v e-to-Mother-and-Sister-Minnie-Y o u r -s o n-Wilbur* number? Would we sell them?"

"Gentlemen," Elmer continued, passionately, "it's my thought that greeting cards have only scratched the surface of their possibilities. Intimacy is what they need. *Intimacy!* I can visualize the day when no human emotion, no contingency, will be without its appropriate greeting card, ready to mail. And when that happy day comes, the industry will hear no more of extinction; it will then first know the real joy of service, of dedicating its all to a happier and a more intimate humanity. Do I say sooth?"

"Sooth, indeed," gasped Tertaughter. "The sooth, the whole sooth and nothing but the sooth." He wrung Elmer's hand. The room was in an uproar.

"Gentlemen!" shouted Geeble. "A new sun has risen on the horizon of the greeting card industry. I move—"

"Second it," Tertaughter shouted.

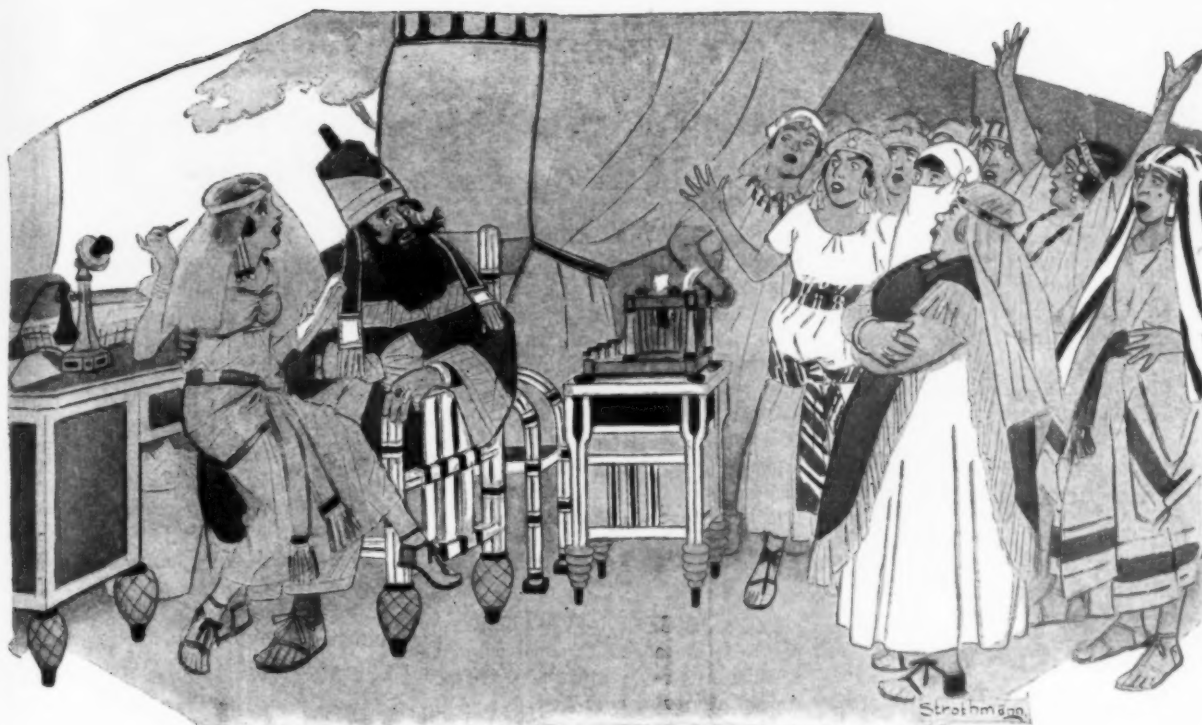
"Aye!" yelled Beebe.

"Carried, gentlemen," said Geeble. "Carried that intimacy be the thought of our industry henceforth, and that the first in our new line be an embossed *To-Elmer-J.-Twarck-on-becoming-eleventh-vice-president-of-Greetings, Inc. number.*"





WIFE: *Oh, H-henry! And you know so well how I love to be dominated!*



Nevertheless and notwithstanding, when Solomon's wives visited the office unexpectedly, this is what they found.

Independence, Limited

I'm a modern young woman—
The whole world can see
That no masculine creature
Can subjugate me.

I can earn my own money,
I smoke and I vote;
I've no time to sew buttons
On any man's coat.

With man-made limitations
And shackles I'm done.
Who will dare to deny me
My place in the sun?

But—there's one little weakness
That will not begone:
I still like a man's shoulder
For crying upon.

B. Y. Williams.

The Paramount Motion Picture Company needed a theme song for their production, "Redskin". Among the contributions received from independent song writers was one entitled, "Redskin, Why Are You Blue."

Now that talkies are being made out there they call it *Howly-wood*.

Idea for the ideal talking movie—
Calvin Coolidge playing chess.

And they even say that a Scotchman invented the brief case.

ABSENTMINDED BANKER (to his love):
Darling, let's merge!



GAME WARDEN: *Huntin'?*

"Nope—golfin'!"

Life at Home



CHICAGO—Mrs. Margaret C. Munns, treasurer of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, said Mr. Hoover was the first President to have the moral courage to ask the drinker to stop drinking.

That's not courage, lady, that's optimism.



Etiquette in Kansas

Will the person who borrowed the "Emily Post" from Mrs. Wilson at the Tea Room, please return it?—adv.

—*Emporia Gazette.*



PHILADELPHIA—John Wyeth, known as "Leo, the Lion Trainer," has appealed for protection against his wife, a diminutive woman who gave him a black eye which he displayed to the Court. It was not the first, he said.



ALLEGAN, Mich.—When H. O. Maentz was in a hospital brother Rotarians, to preserve his perfect attendance record, held their weekly meeting in his room.



NEW YORK—Police are still searching for the thief who stole a picture out of the art gallery of Peacock Alley at the Paramount Theatre. The painting was valued at \$300.

He probably got tired of waiting to see the movie.



HARRISBURG, Pa.—The Department of Highways reports that deaf-mutes are the safest automobile drivers. Of 117 holding Pennsylvania licenses, none had had an accident.



NEW YORK—Dr. Clark of Columbia made public a survey which shows that a college education is a distinct detriment to wage earning ability!

MINNEAPOLIS—Mrs. Florence Gravdahl, candidate for mayor, has announced as part of her platform a modified curfew law for married people by which husbands and wives will be required to carry matrimonial passports when away from home at night.

Traffic policemen will be directed to investigate automobiles containing men and women and to arrest on disorderly charges such occupants as do not produce marriage certificates.



LOS ANGELES—The University of California at Los Angeles starts investigation to determine why ten percent of its students flunk out.

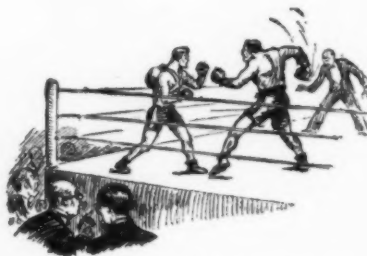
It's the climate.



NEWARK, N. J.—William Sulzenberger, manufacturer, parked his new airplane on a street where it didn't belong, and a traffic cop promptly tagged it. Sulzenberger must appear in traffic court.



ST. LOUIS—When Police Captain Tabb entered a saloon here he found Sergeant William Musgrave sitting down inside. Sergeant Musgrave explains that he entered the saloon to raid it, but was overcome by a sudden attack of sickness, which caused him to sit down.



"What's the Britisher got on his back?"

"A Parachute."

NEW YORK—Bandits held up two storekeepers and took their money and trousers, trusting to natural modesty to prevent pursuit. But their victims were not afflicted with modesty. They ran out and gave the alarm, and the bandits were captured.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—Arrangements have been made with the War department to supply the Mexican federal government with rifles and ammunition. *Just to show our goodwill.*



RACINE, Wisc.—Parties among local adolescents have become so flaming that the school board has ordered a sweeping investigation of all high schools. The main complaint is that the youngsters have been bringing liquor to school with them.

For experimental purposes, no doubt.

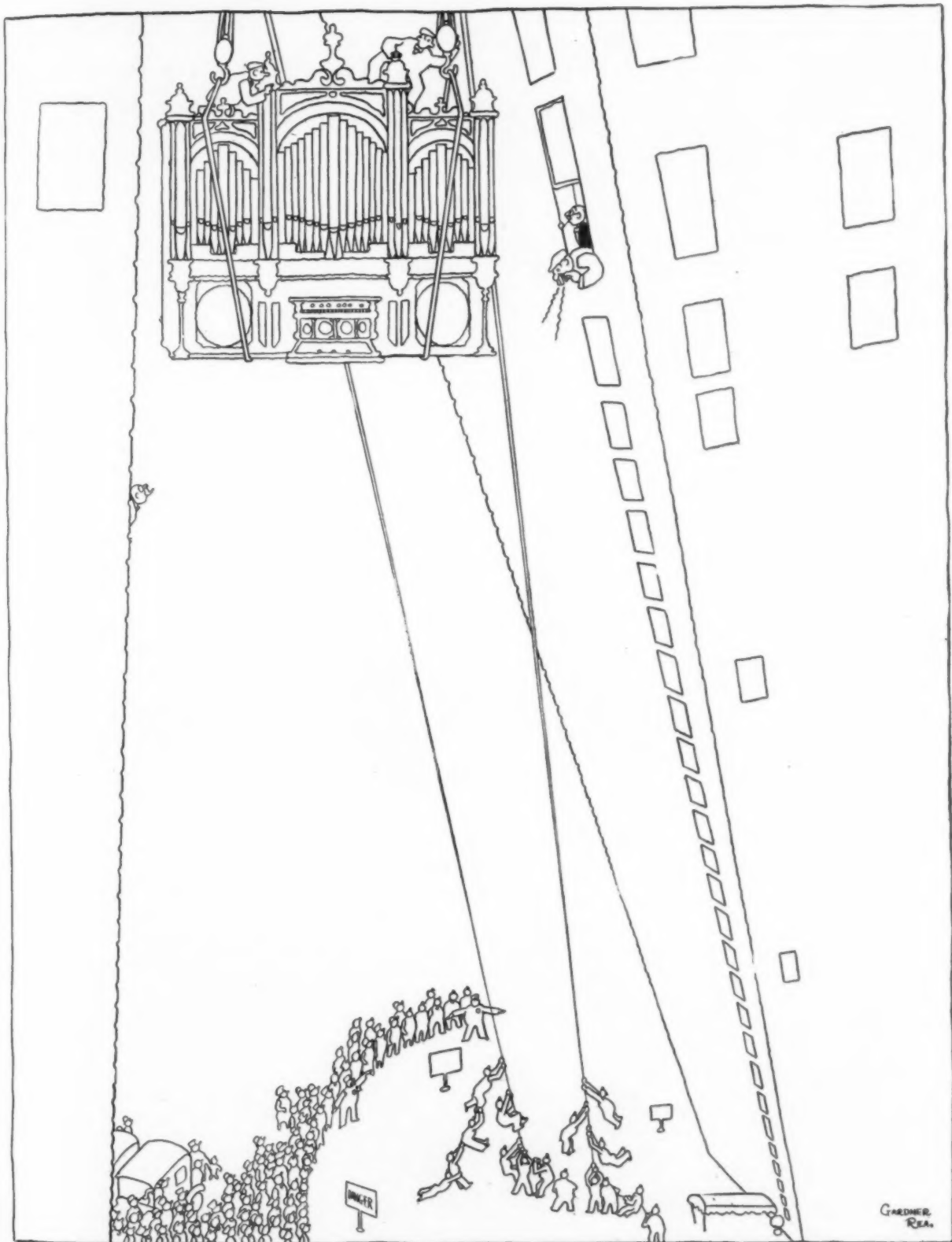


NASHVILLE, Tenn.—A movement described by its promoters as destined to be nation-wide has begun here. Sixty-six members of the First Presbyterian Church Men's Club signed a resolution pledging themselves to abstain from buying liquor.

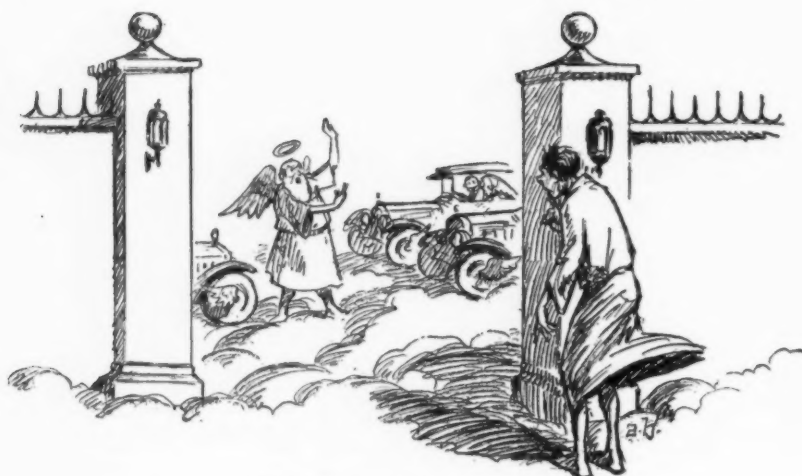


CHICAGO—Detectives investigating expenses of sanitary engineers discovered as a part of sanitary costs paid by the city the following items in a voucher for \$2,200, covering a four-day motor trip:

One case of whiskey . . .	\$300
Beer	150
Vanity case	65
Ginger ale	35



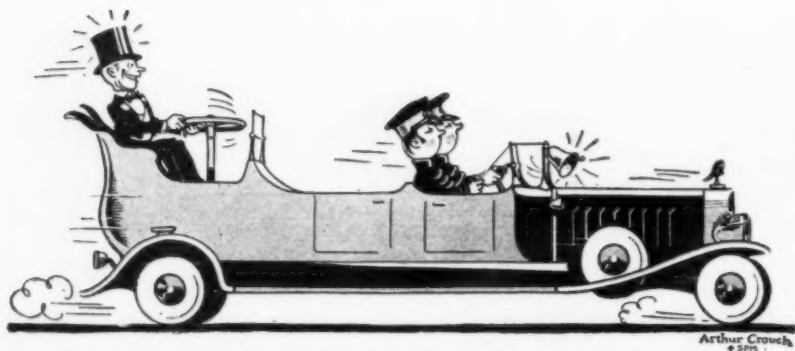
"'e says 'e ordered a flute!"



Pedestrian—Good night!



A member of the Follies decides to show the Avenue what a real Easter bonnet can be.



The fireman who inherited a million.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by
Baird
Leonard

MARCH 5—The wind howling so prodigiously that I might have thought myself on Cape Cod instead of in the sand, pine and Bible belts, so lay late, pondering many things, in especial that if newspaper reporters asked me what most impressed me in the South, I should respond "Muddy automobiles" without any hesitation soever. Thinking, too, of President Coolidge, and how he is now in Northampton, a town where I do always love to be and whither I am going at my earliest convenience for that I do know no lovelier place in the Spring. Then, inspired by radio memories of yesterday, musing on politics in general, and the failure of the Woman's Party to do the great deeds it promised if granted the franchise, for Lord! not only do our scandalous divorce laws remain *in statu quo*, but no duress has yet been brought upon the manufacturers of fitted bags to turn out a proper one, those having any bottles at all having them too large or too small or too many, and the cream and powder receptacles are such in name only, not to mention the frequent necessity of choosing between a button-hook and a nail file in purchasing a traveling equipment. A great batch of mail by the post, for I do so enjoy receiving communications when away from home that I did order everything to be forwarded, even to the circulars of publishers, fishmongers and rug cleaners. Up and did on my new beige woolen, which must straightway be lined with chiffon against its irritation of my skin, and out to sit in the sun.

MARCH 6—A brief stretch of Cluny being torn loose from the edge of my breakfast napkin, I did mend it straightway with my embroidery thread which was at hand, feeling as smug as a Girl Scout over her daily deed of kindness. My husband, poor wretch, strutting before me in his brave new buff waistcoat, which he did persist in wearing to the drag, even though I told him he looked like a bookmaker. In bed all day, having caught my first cold of the season in a climate supposedly salubrious for such a malady, but did secretly enjoy having Dr. Wilds to see me, even though he did not see fit to alarm

(Continued on Page 26)

Little Rambles With Serious Thinkers

If you will stop to think about this, I think you will agree with me that radio is potentially a tremendous force for moral stimulation.

—Graham McNamee.

No one can learn merely by reading books.

—Bruno Lessing.

A country this the oldest and therefore the most important country in the world quite naturally produces the creators and so naturally it is I an American who was and is thinking in writing was born in America and lives in Paris.

—Gertrude Stein.

Prohibition made America peevish.

—Vina Delmar.

Bachelors are the only respectable people left.

—H. L. Mencken.

Homekeeping hearts are happiest.

—Dorothy Dix.

It is not possible to hate a man who's on a diet.

—Heywood Broun.

Caesar had it easier in life than Napoleon. For Caesar *was* Caesar and Napoleon *played* at being Napoleon, though, to be sure, no one else would have been so well cast for the part.

—Arthur Schnitzler.

Only the unfamiliar is odd.

—Aldous Huxley.

A fragrant breath is an inestimable possession.

—Bernarr Macfadden.

It is meet that men should rule their wives, for there is scarcely a marriage where the man is not better than the woman he marries.

—A. B. See.

All women dress alike.

—Paul Poirer.

There would be little traffic in illegal liquor if only criminals patronized it.

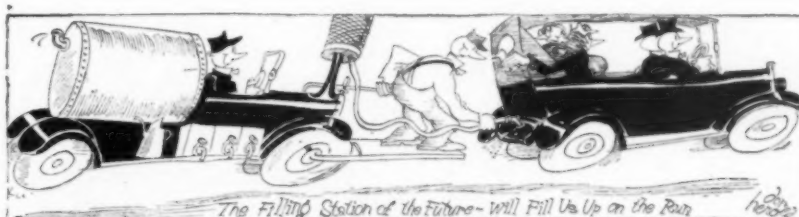
—President Hoover.

We all take our hats off to the mother of five small children.

—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.



"I never thought Steve's boy would mount to nothin', but he shot a revenuer today."



"All we'll need then will be hot dogs that will chase us."



Mactavish capitalizes his daughter's popularity.



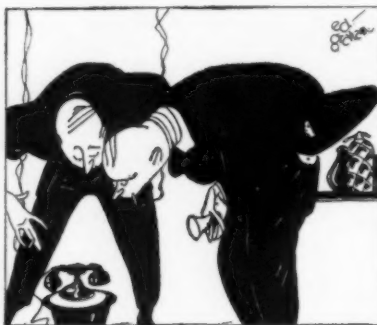
Cook: *And to think, Captain, the dishes ain't washed!*

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Son:

Your report on the depression in the theme song industry has just arrived by air mail. Of course, you will understand that having spent my life in the brick business it is difficult for me to analyze a financial statement of one of the arts. I note, however, that you have written seven theme songs in the last four weeks and still have them on hand. I would say that you were over-produced.

When you left home to revolutionize the musical side of the talking



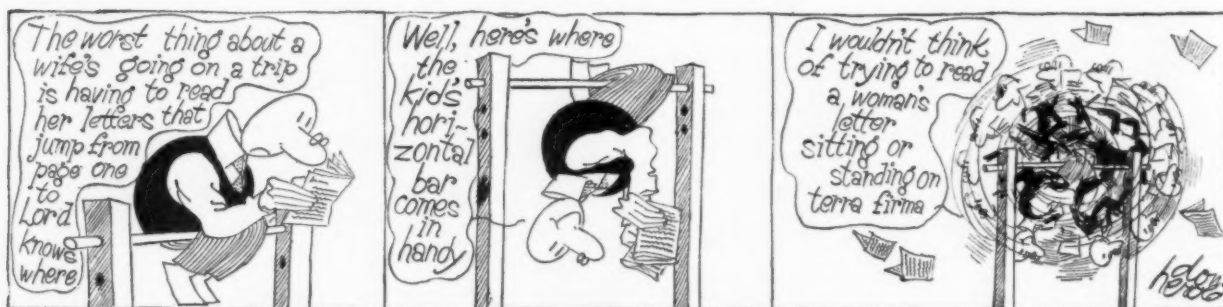
"Well, if it doesn't ring in ten minutes, it's a vase!"

pictures I assumed you knew what you were doing. You will recall that you said to me, "Dad, all I want is my chance and five thousand dollars."

Anybody capable of a proposition like that is a business man, certain to be a great success.

So I suggest to you something that is quite common in commercial affairs. Take your statement to a good bank and get the loan committee to let you have ten thousand or so on it. And if they do it, wire me as I'll want you to borrow some for me on Brickyard No. 5, which burned down last month.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



Reading a Letter from a Woman.



BARCELONA, Spain—A dealer here is offering exclusive family crests through the mail "to a limited number of Americans". The price is only \$500 per crest!

└─┘

PARIS—M. Deltoro is offering divorces by mail to American clients. Results are assured within eight days, and payments can be arranged for on the installment plan.

└─┘

JUAREZ, Mexico—The Mexican army fights on "Chile Con Carne." Truckloads of brilliant-hued cans marked "Red-Hot Chile" were the baggage federal defenders carried away to their internment camp at El Paso.

LONDON—A dispatch from Wellington, New Zealand, says that Lieutenant Richard Brophy, second in command of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition, is resigning his position. *He probably ran out of cheery radio talks.*

└─┘

TEHERAN, Persia—In a modernization of Persia, the women are demanding the right to make the acquaintance of future husbands before marriage.

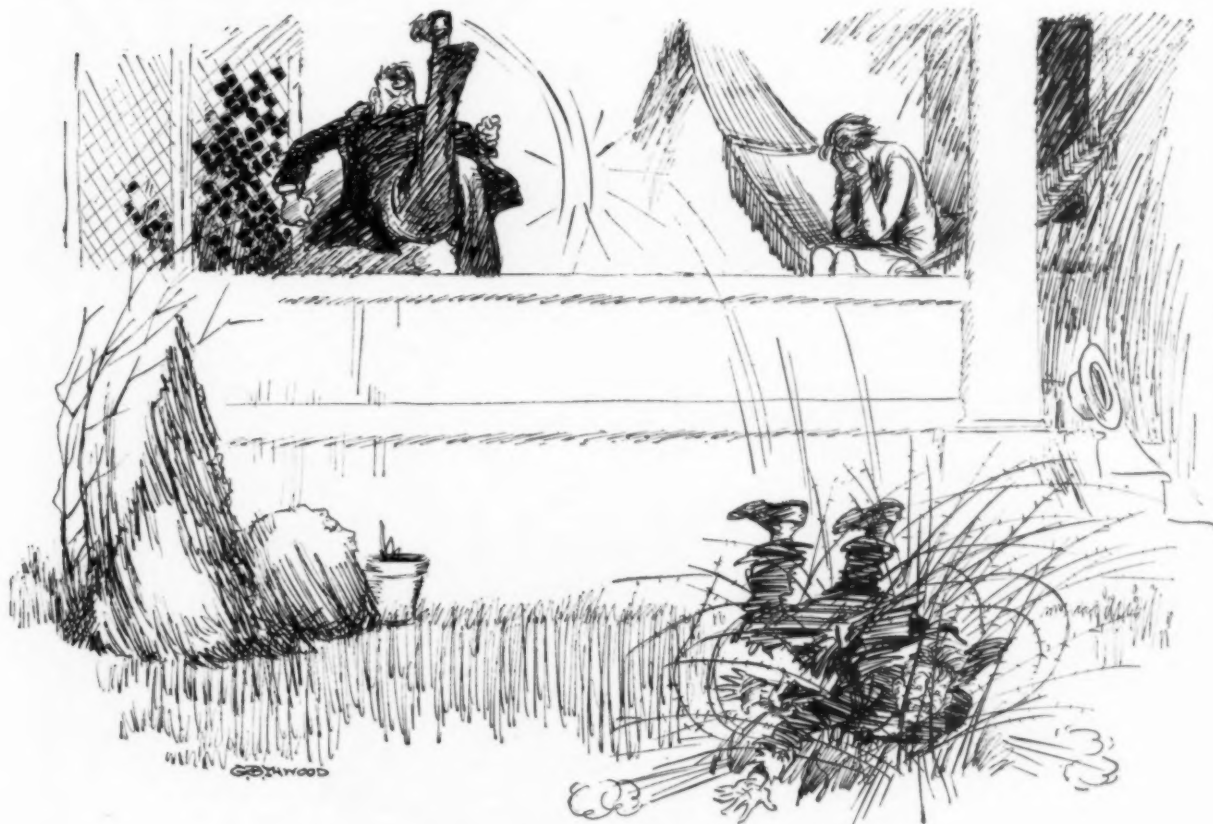
└─┘

LONDON—The Prince of Wales had a good laugh when he and his party were trapped for several minutes in an elevator stalled between floors. *Just good clean fun.*

CETTINJE, Yugoslavia—Miss Stoja Markovich, 19-year-old bandit, has decided that marriage pays better than banditry. Miss Markovich, known as the "Balkans' Beauty Bandit," has abandoned highway hold-ups for the pay envelope of an unnamed Soviet commissar. She applied to the parish priest of Podgoritzza for a birth certificate enabling her to contract marriage. *Merely transferring to another branch of the bandit business.*

└─┘

BERLIN—A physician has announced a sure cure for hunger striking. He administers an injection of insulin, which gives the faster so voracious an appetite that he eats willy nilly.



"Haw, haw! I landed right in his favorite rose bush!"



Mr. Pipp
No. 8

He brings an acquaintance home and



Mr. Pipp

No. 8

home and begins to wish he hadn't.

NEW YORK LIFE



Spring

SPRING is here! . . . there's a piece of hot news for you, little readers! . . . the saps are running up and down the avenue . . . the Hurdy-gurdies are out . . . the travelling Merry-go-rounds . . . the flower wagons . . . the court musicians . . . the open hacks . . . the open roadsters . . . the open speakeasies . . . spring in *Gotham*.

Revolt

Angry villagers have risen *en masse* (all two of them) and protested at what they call "my curt dismissal of *Greenwich Village*" and the intimation that it has been deserted . . . "You mention" they cry, "one or two of the worst places and overlook such historic landmarks as the *Brevoort* and the *Lafayette* (and what is more

heavenly than Sunday morning breakfast at the *Lafayette*) Sam Schwartz's, Alice McAllister's, our own skyscraper—No. 1 *Fifth Ave.*, *Macdougall Alley*, etc., etc." . . . my apologies to my good friends in *Greenwich Village*.

Bootleg

On the upper East side a drugstore cowboy is cleaning up . . . this young gent is the possessor of a copy of "*The Well of Loneliness*" (recently suppressed) which he rents out to customers at so much an hour . . . they are not allowed to take the book away but have to do their reading at the fountain.

Outline

In *Putnam's* window on 5th Ave. there is a picturization (in the shape of



plaques) of the ascent, or descent, of man . . . starting with the amœba it works up through the fish, raccoon, and on up, or down, to the present day male . . . come to think of it he hasn't changed much at that.

Crystal Gazing

Stationery stores now carry a new wrinkle in the shape of a fortune telling crystal ball . . . it answers all questions on Love, Marriage, etc., and if you're not satisfied with the answers you can use it as a paper weight.

100 Years Ago

Pantaloons will be admitted as appropriate costume at the *Military Ball* at the *New York Theatre*, in the *Bowery* . . . Mr. Conway announces a new waltz class for gentlemen at 169 Mott st. . . the new waltz, incidentally, has come in for a panning from the Methodists . . . J. Updyke, Esq. received 90 barrels of *Holland Gin* on the copper schooner *Athenae* . . . the weather has turned very severe and coal may go above \$5 a ton . . . the



wine shop and groggery of *Anthony Boniset* went up in a flaming rum punch the other morning . . . four ships an hour are now running on the *Hoboken* ferry line . . . *Mrs. Thornhill* has returned from England with the new styles in corsets . . . *Thomas Gibson's* Piano Warehouse at 61 Barclay has gone in for *Patent Harps* in a big way . . . *Senor Segura* has composed a Grand March dedicated to our new President, *General Jackson*.

Reunion

Tom Patterson (brother of Russell Ziegfeld Patterson) World War Vet and owner of a Distinguished Conduct Medal, who was shot in thirty-six places (names and addresses on request) went up to Montreal recently to attend a reunion of his regiment . . . twenty-two survivors met and fought the war all over again, and among them was Joe Shears, a buddy of Tom's and a demon taxi driver

vous man . . . signs on the wall warn customers not to feed the animals, but the night we were in there an alcoholic was trying to feed a pink elephant peanuts.

Hidden Beauties

Herewith is launched the *Hidden Beauties Club* . . . and as a starter the blonde waitress at the front table in one of the *Fifth Avenue Childs* . . . also the fourth gel from the right in "*Spring is Here*".



CLUB RICHMAN.

Obituary—The *Chesterfield* died last week of *Revenueonia* . . . new combination that is nobody's business . . .

strawberry juice and rye . . . who had the bright idea of putting *Glenn Hunter* in musical comedy? . . . *Ray Long* says that he has been to the theatre with *Odd McIntyre* about five hundred times and has agreed with him just about once . . . and adds "One of us must be a darned good critic!" . . . if there's a better orchestra than *Paul Whiteman's* I'd like to hear it . . . the "brasses" have more kick than

a horse race . . . *Chevalier* is knocking them over at the *Midnight Frolic* . . . so is *Gladys Glad*.

Manna-about-town

The ladies of the ensemble now go in for roller skating in *Central Park* in the early hours of the morning . . . four song hits in the new show "*Spring is Here*" (see *Confidential Guide*) . . . the last gasp in parties—hire a sight-seeing bus and give a personally conducted tour to *Hoboken* . . .



. . . after a barrage of French 75s Joe insisted on escorting his old pal back to New York . . . which he did in his taxi . . . the meter read \$86.50 which was put on the war debt . . . after a two-day whirl in the big city Joe went back to Canada with the meter still clicking away.

Sh!

The Zoo is located in the Forties . . . the walls of this very original and startling speakeasy are covered with paintings of wild and weird animals of every description . . . after a few "Zebras", "Alligators" or "Pythons" (cocktails) one has the impression of being in the midst of the jungle . . . it is no place for a ner-



Theatre • by Robert C. Benchley

*The Elephant Who Almost Forgot*

TWELVE years ago this month the editor of this department sent in his first contribution to LIFE. It was on the subject of war-gardens and was very funny indeed, but it was returned. Twelve years ago next month he sent in his second contribution. It, too, was returned. Both transactions had been on the most formal of bases. The contributions had been accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes and were returned in the same, with identic notes which could have been read aloud in any courtroom with no embarrassment at all to the editors. This sort of thing went on for some time.

At last, convinced that there was a conspiracy against us in the office of LIFE, we (in order not to confuse you longer, we will disclose that the editor of this department mentioned above was none other than we) got pretty darned sore. Tossing and turning one night on what later turned out to be our cot, we worked up an imaginary conversation, in which the editor of LIFE came to us on bended knee and asked us to write something for him. "We have been blind fools, Benchley," he would say. "Won't you let bygones be bygones and do something for us on your own terms?" And our answer, as we figured it out roughly, would be to place our tongue against our under lip and to blow. This would be accompanied by a contemptuous wave of the hand upward and some sort of crushing exit, to be worked up later. "Write for LIFE?" we would say, (this was another version) "Aha-ha-ha-ha! You had your chance. Now lie in it!"

For three years we worked on this conversation until, if we do say so, it was pretty good. Then, just nine years ago this week, the editor of LIFE sent us a note asking us to drop into his office. "Yeah?" we said, "so they are coming to their senses at last! Well, it can do no harm to see what

they want." (We had just been fired from the *World*.) So we dropped into the office of LIFE, after rehearsing the gesture of the tongue against the under lip.

It seemed that the Dramatic Editor of LIFE was leaving, and they wanted someone to do the page for a few weeks until they could get a regular man. A very humiliating offer it was, and made to a man who had already been humiliated beyond endurance. So we accepted.

For nine years we have been temporizing with our pride. They didn't want our contributions in 1917. Very well, then, we will write no more for them now! But somehow we never got around to saying it. Things were very pleasant here, and, as the editor who had turned down our stuff left six years ago, there didn't seem to be anyone to whom it could be said. Going to the theatre turned out to be a rather happy chore; nobody told us what we had to write or what we couldn't write; the company's checks were good, and, what with one thing and another, we kept putting off the big scene we had rehearsed, until here it is 1929. But we still can not forget those returned manuscripts.

Furthermore, we took the job with the understanding that it was to be for only a few weeks. We knew nothing about the theatre at the time and have religiously tried to keep to that standard ever since. We were never cut out to be a dramatic critic. Birds and flowers, with perhaps an occasional horse, are our metier.



Having been so tentatively assigned to the Drama, we have never thought it worth while to read any books on the subject or to take seriously the movement as a whole. We know nothing of the history of the theatre and have given practically no thought to its future other than to look in the paper to see what plays were opening Monday night. All of this tells in the long run and we find ourself at the end of nine years of play-reviewing, even more inexpert than we were at the start. We hope that none of you have ever been taking this page seriously.

So, all in all, it seems better to assert ourself in the matter of those rejected manuscripts and, at the same time, stop trying to do something which was only a stop-gap anyway—a nine-year stop-gap. And, although our gesture has lost most of its force by having lost all of its rancor and might very easily turn into a short manly sob, there is one thing that we can never forgive the editors of this paper for. When we began on this job we were told, in all sincerity, that our copy *had* to be in by Tuesday night. We now find out, quite by accident, that it really didn't have to be in until Wednesday night. For four hundred and sixty-eight weeks we have been wearing our nerves to shreds in order to have everything in a whole day ahead of what was necessary. And they have been sitting back and laughing at us.

And so, to Mr. McIntyre, who will take up this torch from now on, we offer our best wishes and this advice: "Don't let them kid you, Mr. McIntyre! Wednesday night, at five o'clock, is plenty time enough."

Editorial Note—Now that Mr. Benchley has given up Dramatic Criticism for the Talking Movies we trust, for the sake of synchronization, that his words will be more on time on the screen than they were in this office. But even if he is a little late, we'll probably like it.

Movies • by Harry Evans



"Hearts in Dixie"

IF YOU have any sympathetic understanding of the customs and home life of the South's rural negro, or if you want to know more about this interesting type, don't fail to see "Hearts in Dixie." If, on the other hand, you have no appreciation of the old-fashioned ducky and consider his humor and superstitions a target for wisecracks—stay at home. The night I saw it there were at least a dozen people near me who would have cheerfully murdered two verbose young men whose remarks indicated that their knowledge of the Ethiopian race had been gained in New York night clubs north of 112th Street.

There may be some criticism of the lack of plot, but the picture only attempts to present interesting glimpses of the plantation negro in his native element, and in this it certainly succeeds. The ability of colored actors to accept direction is effectively demonstrated in this picture, and this adaptability overcomes an obvious lack of histrionic knowledge. An enjoyable feature is the group singing which is interpolated throughout the film.

Most of the speaking voices register remarkably well, and the unaffected delivery of these colored folks is a joy after being subjected to the wave of phoney English accent which has been engulfing the talkies. Clarence Muse, who plays a leading role, is the possessor of the best speaking voice I have heard on the screen. He also gives an excellent performance as the lovable old fellow whose sacrifices for his family constitute a much more convincing moral lesson than is usually found in a motion picture.

The star of the piece is a colored

boy named Stepin Fetchit, and it is a sure bet that his fine work will be rewarded with some fat screen contracts. This comedian, whose first name sounds like a piece of lingerie, gives a characterization of the super-lazy ducky that is the funniest thing of its kind I have ever seen. No negro impersonator could ever acquire the humorous appeal that was wished on Stepin at birth, and it is to be hoped that his future directors will not try to improve on nature.

I think you will enjoy "Hearts in Dixie."

ever, we are losing our enthusiasm for these coming out parties, because even the most proficient stage stars seem to be ill at ease during their first job in the talkies. Miss Eagels makes a brave effort to appear at home in her new field of endeavor, but meticulous attention to diction makes many of her utterances sound stilted and artificial. There are a few emotional scenes during which the star forgets all about her talkie technique, and then she is splendid.

Monta Bell spared no effort in supervision to make the film entertaining, even going so far as to incorporate a few shots from "Killing the Killer" in the middle of the story.

If Mr. Bell supplied these to add dramatic interest he succeeded beyond his expectations. During the few moments the mongoose and cobra hold the spotlight they make you forget all about the murder and the papers—in fact we think the two animals deserve to be listed in the cast.

Movie fans who object to unpleasant stories will not like "The Letter" because the original stage version has been followed pretty closely all the way.

The wife of a rubber planter becomes bored when her husband finds it necessary to leave her alone for days at a time on a plantation near Singapore, and in her spare time she acquires a lover. After a while the boy friend tires of the affair and

takes a Chinese mistress. The wife summons him with an urgent "letter," and accuses him of faithlessness. He admits it and says a lot of mean things which make the wife very mad so she ups and shoots him. He falls to the floor, but she is one of those gals who believe that anything worth doing is worth doing well, so

(Continued on Page 32)



Local Interest.

"The Letter"

THE Letter" is pretty good entertainment, but it does not merit all the fuss and excitement which preceded its appearance. Most of the noise was occasioned by the fact that the picture presented Miss Jeanne Eagels in her first talkie performance, and that, of course, is important. How-

Confidential Guide



Drama

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE. *Empire*—That play that Katharine Cornell is in.

THE BROKEN CHAIN. *Masque*—Very inside Jewish stuff.

BROTHERS. *Forty-eighth St.*—Bert Lytell doubling as two brothers and loving it.

CONGAI. *Longacre*—What happens to little Indo-Chinese girls when the white-man comes. Helen Mencken as one in particularly hard luck.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC. *Hampden's*—There is always this to fall back on.

DYNAMO. *Martin Beck*—Love in a power-plant. Mr. O'Neill's worst since "Welded".

GYPSY. *Klaw*—Claiborne Foster as the young woman who couldn't say "No". An effective play in spots.

HARLEM. *Apollo*—Authentic Negro drama.

MIMA. *Belasco*—Lenore Ulric, Sidney Blackmer and a great, big machine that goes "Boom!"

STRANGE INTERLUDE. *John Golden*—Mr. O'Neill's forerunner of "Dynamo". This takes longer and at least has two good scenes.

STREET SCENE. *Playhouse*—A real and highly dramatic slice of life.

THE WHISPERING GALLERY. *Forty-ninth St.*—Thriller which manages to be above the average without being exactly a knock-out.

ZEPELIN. *Forrest*—Melodrama in mid-air. Quite unbelievable but good fun.

Comedy

CAPRICE. *Guild*—Some delightful acting by Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

COURAGE. *Ritz*—Too many stage children for our liking. Janet Beecher is the leading grown-up.

THE FRONT PAGE. *Times Square*—Good, hearty rough-house.

HOLIDAY. *Plymouth*—Clever remarks made by people who are obviously the kind who would make them. The comedy hit of the season.

LITTLE ACCIDENT. *Ambassador*—A very amusing play about a pre-nuptial child. Thomas Mitchell and Katherine Alexander head a good cast.

THE MARRIAGE BED. *Booth*—A not very novel but not very bad treatment of the triangle situation.

A MOST IMMORAL LADY. *Cort*—Alice Brady excellent in genteel melodrama.

THE PERFECT ALIBI. *Charles Hopkins*—A murder mystery which is solved by thinking about it in an agreeable manner. Good entertainment.

POPPA. *Hudson*—Sentimental but effective Jewish family talk.

SERENA BLANDISH. *Morosco*—Pretty meringue but delightful in spots. Ruth Gordon, A. E. Matthews, Constance Collier and others help enormously.

SKIDDING. *Bayes*—Very thin.

THE YELLOW JACKET. *Coburn*—You probably have seen this at one time or another in your life. You should.

Eye and Ear

ANIMAL CRACKERS. *Forty-fourth St.*—It seems these Marx Brothers got together and said "Let's put on a show". Everyone appears to be glad they did.

BLACKBIRDS OF 1929. *Eltine*—A new edition of this remarkable Negro revue is promised. BOOM! BOOM! *Casino*—Frank McIntyre amusing in a fairly conventional musical show.

FIORETTA. *Earl Carroll*—Fanny Brice and Leon Errol.

FOLLOW THRU. *Forty-sixth St.*—Very good indeed.

GOOD BOY. *Hammerstein's*—Good enough.

HELLO DADDY. *Cohan*—Lew Fields, with George Hassell, in a pretty old-fashioned show with some good tunes and the Starbuck-Taylor combination to buck it up.

HOLD EVERYTHING! *Broadhurst*—One of the best.

THE HOUSEBOAT ON THE STYX. *Liberty*—Pleasant combination of Blanche Ring and Jack Hazzard.

LADY FINGERS. *Vanderbilt*—Eddie Buzzell and others in a show replete with good gags.

THE NEW MOON. *Imperial*—Good enough for anybody.

PLEASURE BOUND. *Majestic*—The latest hit and with good reason.

THE RED ROBE. *Shubert*—Rousing operetta of the good old school.

SHOW BOAT. *Ziegfeld*—We doubt if this lasts the decade out.

THREE CHEERS. *Globe*—Will Rogers.

WHOOPEE. *New Amsterdam*—Eddie Cantor, very comical.

Repertory

AIRWAYS, INC. *Grove Street*—The best of the little theatre offerings and, what is especially surprising, well acted.

CIVIC REPERTORY. *Fourteenth St.*—"Katerina" with Nazimova, has been added to Miss LeGallienne's already impressive list.

THE EARTH BETWEEN. *Provincetown*—To be reviewed later.

Movies

NOTE—If you are in New York and want to know where pictures recommended by this department are showing, call Plaza 9842 before 5 P. M. Calls on Saturday should be made before noon.

HEARTS IN DIXIE. (TALKING) *Fox*; Reviewed in this issue.

BROADWAY MELODY. (TALKING) *Metro-Goldwyn*; Swell musical comedy talkie. Bessie Love, Anita Page and Charles King. Don't miss it.

THE IRON MASK. (SOUND) *United Artists*—Doug Fairbanks as athletic as ever.

THE FLYING FLEET. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Swell aeroplane photography, with Ramon Novarro, Ralph Graves and Anita Page.

CAPTAIN LASH. (SOUND) *Fox*—Victor McLaglen charms the gals and Clyde Cook is very funny.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. (SOUND) *Paramount*—Emil Jannings in another remarkable performance. It's about bootlegging.

A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Greta Garbo's best. The story is really "The Green Hat"—but don't tell Will Hays. John Gilbert present but not important.

WEARY RIVER. (TALKING) *First National*—Richard Barthelmess as an attractive crook who reforms with the help of Betty Compson. Dick also sings (or makes you think he does).

THE BARKER. (TALKING) *First National*—Still one of the best talkies. Leave the children at home.

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE. (TALKING SEQUENCES) *Metro-Goldwyn*—William Haines in high. Lionel Barrymore also good.

THE SINGING FOOL. (TALKING) *Warner Brothers*—Al Jolson. If you haven't seen it you will. And take your handkerchief.

THE PATRIOT. (SOUND) *Paramount*—See it again.

THE VIKING. (SOUND) *Metro-Goldwyn*—Not much story, but the color photography is excellent.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT!

STARTING NEXT WEEK LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

A Department which will enable Life's Readers to obtain the best seats for New York Shows at Box-Office Prices

Full Particulars
in next issue

(Continued on Page 24)

STARTING
NEXT
ISSUE

O. O. McINTYRE

Famous Newspaper Columnist

WILL REVIEW THE

THEATRE

for

LIFE

EVERY WEEK

What the Critics Say:

The thought of asking O. O. McIntyre to be LIFE's Dramatic Critic was a regular minerva. For twenty years he has been a dramatic critic of life and it is high time that so estimable a publication as your revered weekly put him on your payroll.—*Charles G. Norris.*

I am all for O. O. McIntyre, who will tell us Grand Rapids Lowboys out West about the Chippendale Highboys of Broadway. What the world really needs in these troubled times is the low downtown on the higher-ups. McIntyre is the transformer who can step down the deadly theatrical currents of the deepthinkers. For home consumption he writes grand words that may be read with the naked eye at one sitting and without a glossary.—*William Allen White.*

I won't take advantage of your request that I send my opinion of O. O. McIntyre as dramatic critic by telegraph. If I did, LIFE might have to issue bonds to pay the telegraph tolls.—*Ray Long.*

Wonderful! I hope Al G. Fields minstrels hit New York.—*Kin Hubbard.*

No one knows New York and, therefore, our theatre better than O. O. McIntyre. He will write as brilliantly of plays as he did of pavements. Congratulations both to you and to him.—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Hope you will tell Odd McIntyre about the old LIFE tradition that all my shows have to be given good notices.—*R. E. Sherwood.*

Any change would be for the better.

—*Robert Benchley.*

While there is life there is hope. Surely the latter has been realized in the appointment of O. O. McIntyre. It is my great privilege to be among his many admirers.

—*Paul Whiteman.*



The elevation of O. O. McIntyre to LIFE's chair of dramatic criticism has profoundly impressed us hicks in the tall timber. To our simple provincial minds a play is either a moral uplifter or a candidate for the penal farm. It is fitting that Missouri's most illustrious son should sit in the show-me row and pass judgment on the drama as disclosed in the wicked Metropolis where the glorification of gin and sin has become a national scandal. It is all in Colonel McIntyre's favor that he hasn't visited a theatre since Janauschek's last appearance at Allipolis, Ohio, in the year of the big wind. Frank and honest opinions may be expected of the Colonel, particularly if he takes counsel of Maybelle and the dog.—*Meredith Nicholson.*

O. O. McIntyre has an extraordinary ability to see things as they are and to render his visions visible to the reader. He has an insatiable versatility of interest in all phases of existence and all kinds of character. It will be fascinating to study the new plays through his keen and searching eyes, his highly objective vision and his warm, yet clarifying, style. Congratulations to you and him and us. Let me take this opportunity to thank you for the new life you have put into the dear old LIFE.—*Rupert Hughes.*

Odd is my very ideal of several things, including dramatic critic. Congratulations all round.

—*Kathleen Norris.*

The very Odd McIntyre was a shrewd choice, indeed. He will be followed by a vast army of readers who have been reading his syndicated stuff all over the country for years. Extend my good wishes to him, please. I know a fellow who knew him when he was so poor he did not have a pot to cook in.—*Walter Winchell.*

10 Rules FOR INVESTORS

How Do You Invest?

Certain well defined rules of investment are helpful to the investor who wishes to get better than average returns from his money.

The effectiveness of investment plans based on such a code is strikingly demonstrated in the record of investment plans submitted in BARRON'S prize contest three years ago.

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Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 22)

Supper Clubs

*Dressy. C Cover Charge. H Head Waiter.
AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park Avenue at 51st. Nice quiet place to dance. *C.\$1.50-2.00.
BARNEY'S, 85 West 3rd. A swell place. A swell orchestra. C.\$2.00-3.00. H.Arnold.
CASANOVA, 151 West 54th. Great hangout. C.\$3.00.
CLUB RICHMAN, 157 West 56th. *Good place. C.\$5.00.
HEIGH-HO, 35 East 53rd. Nice place. Good orchestra. *C.\$2.00-3.00. H.George.
LIDO, 7th Ave. at 52nd. Very Park Avenue. Beatrice Lillie and Moss and Fontana. *C.\$5.00. H.Cabiati.
MONTMARTE, 205 West 50. Oldest supper club in town and still popular. C.\$3.00. H.Charlie.
GUINAN'S, 203 West 54th. Whoopee. C.\$4.00-5.00. H.Carol.
MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Theatre. Helen Morgan Chevalier, and a big check. *C.\$6.60.
RENDEZVOUS, Winter Garden Theatre. Clayton, Jackson and Durante, the funniest birds in town. C.\$3.00-4.00. H.Leon.
SEAGLADE, St. Regis Hotel, Vincent Lopez speaking. *C.\$1.50-3.00. H.Charles.
VILLA VALEE, 10 East 60th. Collegiate. *C.\$2.00-3.00. H.Jean.

Books

REPORTER (John Day), by Meyer Levin—Tribulations of a young news getter. Some good snapshots of city-room life in Chicago.
THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP (Simon & Schuster), by Joan Lowell—The Book of the Month. Exciting account of a girl's growing up in the South Seas.
PLUNDERED HOST (Dutton), by Fowler Hill—A fine story of adolescence.
LOVE IN CHICAGO (Harcourt, Brace), by Charles Walt—Remarkable portrait of a professional killer who knew what he wanted—and took it.
THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR (Century), by Paul Reynard—Perhaps the best of all war plays—of all wars.
INTO THIN AIR (Crime Club), by Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk—Criminology and black magic and a deceptive ending.

Dance Numbers (Sheet Music)

"Your's Sincerely" (Spring Is Here)
"You Never Say Yes" (Spring Is Here)
"Song in My Heart" (Spring Is Here)
"Red Hot Trumpet" (Spring Is Here)
"Susianna" (no show)
"Maybe This Is Love" ("Three Cheers")
"Judy" ("Romance of the Underworld")
"My Lucky Star" ("Follow Thru")
"Who Wouldn't Be Jealous of You" (no show)

Records

I WANT TO BE BAD—(2) BUTTON UP YOUR OVERCOAT (Brunswick)
Two hits from "Follow Thru" sung marvellously by Zelma O'Neal.
HELEN—(2) NIGHT OF MEMORIES (Columbia)
(1) Plenty hot, with "VO-de-o-do" chorus.
(2) Pretty melody, played softly.
TIN EAR—(2) THE PAY-OFF (Columbia)
Two good fox-trots for dancing.
WHO WOULDN'T BE JEALOUS OF YOU—(2) HERE COMES MY BALL AND CHAIN (Victor)
Syncopation in all its glory (2) includes one of the hottest vocal choruses ever.
SOUTH—(2) SHE'S NO TROUBLE (Victor)
Fast blues that go straight to your feet.

AT LAST ... NON-LIQUID LIGHTER FUEL



It's called Lyterlife and it lasts six times longer than liquid fuels.

Handy tube is clean to use with any type pocket or table lighter.

Lyterlife won't leak or evaporate ... can't explode ... burns clear and white, without smoke, carbon or residue. Get a tube today ... at any good store. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.

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Lyterlife, the non-liquid fuel, is protected by U. S. patents pending. Our original U. S. patent No. 1084386 covers lighters using solid lighter fuel. U. S. and foreign rights covered by other patents pending. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.



The RONSON CHALLENGE A NEW GAME

Have you met it yet, this challenge to a miss-and-out contest of cigarette lighters? All over the country Ronson owners, enthusiastic over the sure-fire of their lighters, are now suggesting this new game.

A GROUP OF SMART YOUNG PEOPLE PLAYING THE RONSON LIGHTER GAME, SNAPPED AT THE HEIGH-HO CLUB, FASHIONABLE NEW YORK CITY RENDEZVOUS

WITHOUT A MISS . . . IT LIGHTED 255 CONSECUTIVE TIMES

*Ronson owner routs pet lighters
of friends in duel to a finish
at Heigh-Ho Club*

"A QUARTER each, miss and drop out, that was the bet.

"There were six at our table, with four makes of lighters represented. Mine was the only Ronson.

"At the count of 'one', each flint sparked; but only five wicks leaped into flame. The first man was out.

"Steadily the count mounted—'two,' 'three,' 'four,' 'five,' 'six.' At the count of 'nine,' a second lighter

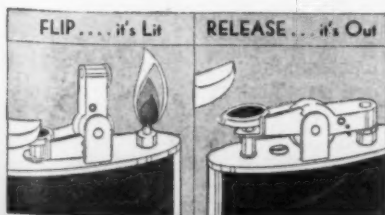
dropped out. At 'seventeen,' another fell by the wayside. At 'twenty-three,' a fourth failed to light, and at 'thirty-one' I was alone.

"Just for the fun of the thing I went on to see how many times my Ronson would light without missing. To the amazement of everyone but myself, the total was 255. At that, I think my thumb grew careless on the 256th try."

Though this performance is good, it is not exceptional. And not only is Ronson a sure lighter, it's a speed lighter as well. One hand is all you take. One motion is all you use. Faster than the eye can wink, the

wick spouts flame. A flip and it's lighted. Release and it's out.

With a Ronson there's no wheel to spin, no sore thumb, no smudge on finger or glove. Automatic, positive, instantaneous, each Ronson lighter is as precise as a Swiss watch, as sturdy as a steel die. There are styles for men and women, for business, sport and evening use, in scores of beautiful finishes, many priced at \$5 and ranging up to \$3,000 for jeweled presentation models. Art Metal Works, Inc., Aronson Square, Newark, N. J. In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., 64-66 Princess St., Toronto, Ontario.



RONSON

De-light

THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER



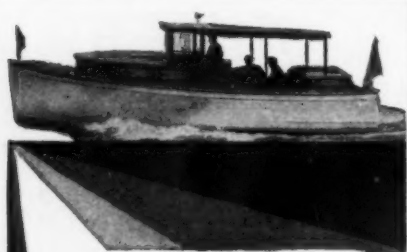


Confirmed Bachelor: "And if you come buzzing around me any more, young man, I'm going to spray you with Flit!" —*Advt.*

—NEXT WEEK—

LIFE'S TRAVEL NUMBER

worth a trip to your newsstand!



ENJOY A CRUISABOUT THIS SUMMER!

Swim, fish, entertain—enjoy new pleasures away from dusty, crowded highways in the New Richardson Fore and Aft Cabin Cruisabout.

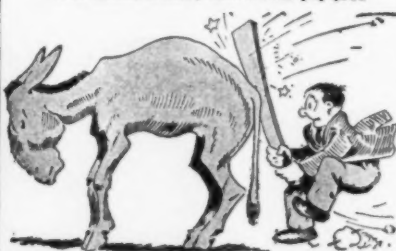
Its 28 feet length and 8 feet 10 inch width provides more conveniences both in the cabins and on deck than are ordinarily found in the average summer home. Four large berths in two cabins, a galley (kitchenette), a wash room and many clothes and food lockers enable you and your family or friends to live aboard in privacy and comfort.

Send today for booklet "B" which illustrates and describes the Fore and Aft Cabin Cruisabout and her sister ships the Master and Day Cruisabouts.

Richardson Boat Company, Inc.
313 Sweeney St., N. Tonawanda, N. Y.
N. Y. Showroom 5th Ave. & 15th St.

Richardson
Cruisabouts

This adv. suggested by Chas. R. Mougey, Columbus, O.
If you have a new and original idea, send it to us and if acceptable we will pay \$100



—and it is just as unsafe to use
inflammable Cleaning Fluids

demand-

CARBONA
Cleaning Fluid
CANNOT BURN
CANNOT EXPLODE
absolutely safe!

Removes Grease Spots

Without Injury to Fabric or Color
Does it Quickly and Easily

20¢ BOTTLES AND LARGER SIZES
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Carbena Products Co., 382-384 W. 26th Street, New York

No Joke!

"Travel broadens one."
"Yes, and the Travel Number of Life, out next week on all newsstands at ten cents the copy, will broaden your grin!"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from Page 12)

the household on my account, and also having my luncheon on a tray—jellied soup, broiled chicken, string beans, popovers, endive and prune soufflé, all very fine. A good go at the magazines, too, and in one devoted to fashions I did find an illustrated article on apparel for one's second marriage, as courageous an editorial attempt to keep abreast of the times as I have yet discovered, and now it will not surprise me to come upon a piece entitled, "What To Do Until the Bootlegger Comes." Reading also how some court had ruled that a man in love is not in his right mind, I could not but reflect that Shakespeare proved the same thing long ago when he wrote "Romeo and Juliet". Up and dressed for dinner, Sam having accused me of coddling my cold solely because of the hot toddies it does rate me, and found in the hall a new photograph of Cissy Maxon, very splendid and flattering, which caused Sam to remark that a man who could take such a picture of Cissy ought to be lined up in some connection with Sir Joseph Duveen.

Hollywood Pastimes

"Really, my dear, we're not like most of the picture people. We live a very quiet and sane existence. Our house isn't at all large or ornate—just twenty rooms or so. I manage comfortably with five servants and a gardener. We have our little circle of friends and entertain very simply. Why, I don't believe we've had more than a hundred people at a party since we built the new house. These women who are always boasting about how much their husbands make and how much it costs them to live—nauseate me. Frank doesn't make a huge salary—just fifteen hundred a week—but we get along quite well. At any rate he has a steady job. I think he's better off than these men who make five thousand a week for awhile and then don't work for months at a time. Why, my dear, we only run four cars—three Lincolns and an old wreck I use just to hack around in: a 1928 Cadillac. We even found it was costing us too much to keep up our boat. So we sold it and bought a cheap little 75-foot cruiser just to take a few friends out on Sunday afternoons. Thank goodness I'm not the type of woman who needs a lot to be happy. My tastes—and Frank's—are very plain.

Robert Lord.

***"Non, Non-sweets are not
for me - I smoke a Lucky
to keep petite"***

Irene Bordoni

"Non, non—sweets are not for me—I smoke a Lucky to keep petite. I cannot afford to eat the French pastries that my countrymen know so well how to make. What would my public think if La Bordoni were no longer slim and petite? So, I smoke my favorite Lucky Strike, with its delightful flavor. It rests my tired nerves after the play—it never irritates my throat—and, it always makes me so happy."

IRENE BORDONI

THE modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure. Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928 Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

Coast to coast radio hook-up every Saturday night through the National Broadcasting Company's network. The Lucky Strike Dance Orchestra in "The Tunes that made Broadway, Broadway."

©1929, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



"Reach
for a
Lucky
instead
of a
sweet."



WIFE (to new member of hunt): You're improving, dear! You've got home before your horse today.
—*Passing Show.*

BRIDE—My husband had a hope chest, too, before we were married.

NEIGHBOR—For mercy sakes! What was in it?

BRIDE—A bushel of socks—he hoped some one would darn 'em.

—*Montreal Star.*

A film actress was recently married on a motorboat. It is understood that she had never been married on a motorboat before.
—*London Opinion.*

When the Mayor was three hours late the other day for an important appointment a New York editor decided the time had come to list Jimmy Walker under Civic Problems.

—*Detroit News.*



"Dat goil I innerdooed yer to wuz a Southerner."

"Yeh, I wuz wise to dat foist thing fr'm de fierce way she has o' p'nouncin' her woids."

—*Texas Ranger.*

ASTRONOMER (to his wife): My dear, congratulate me. I've discovered a star of hitherto unheard-of density, and I'm going to name it after you.

—*Tit-Bits.*

PATIENT (at lunatic asylum): We like you better than the last doctor.

NEW DOCTOR (flattered): How is that?

PATIENT: You seem more like one of us.

—*Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.*

"At the student council last Saturday night my suspenders broke right in the middle of the floor."

"And weren't you embarrassed nearly to death?"

"Well, not very. My room-mate had them on."—*Oklahoma Whirlwind.*



HUSBAND: Well, we can't stay here all night. We must leave the car. Come along.

WIFE: One minute, dear. Are you sure you put the brakes on?
—*Humorist.*



VISITOR: Does your husband know much about horses?

WIFE: Rather, the day before the race he knows which horse is sure to win, and the day following he knows why it did not. —Passing Show.

CLUB: I thought you said the water was luke-warm—it was cold as ice.

SCRUB: Well, didn't it luke warm to you? —Pointer.

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

An American movie actress told a reporter that she could not say for sure whether she was happily married. That sort of thing is left, of course, to one's publicity agent to decide.

—Passing Show.

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

LADY (to druggist): Have you any Life Buoy?

DRUGGIST: Just set the pace, lady. —Punch Bowl.

"Whey!" screamed the farmer boy, drinking a Holstein of beer. "I dairy to curdle up close to me."

"I cud," said the milkmaid, "but I'm not that kine of a girl."

—Williams Purple Cow.

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It keeps teeth white

A WORLD OF FRIENDS — for the world can't resist a winning smile! And it's your teeth that make or mar your smile. Never let them grow dull or discolored. Chew Dentyne, the gum that keeps teeth white — makes smiles brighter. Everybody likes that unique flavor . . . and Dentyne is the highest quality chewing gum made today.



Chew **D**ENTYNE
.. and smile!





Keeps Hair Neat

Rich-looking — Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and . . . orderly appearance . . . so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair . . . once or twice . . . a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day . . . just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then—even stubborn hair—will stay in place of its own accord.

It gives your hair that natural, rich, well-groomed effect, instead of leaving it stiff and artificial looking as pastes and creams do.

Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it!—See how easy it is to keep your hair combed—any style you like . . . whether brushed lightly or combed

down flat. If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.



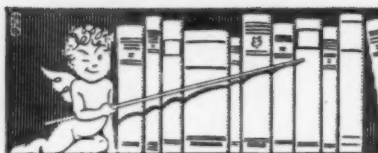
Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-49
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA,
all charges paid.

Name

Address

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West Toronto, 2-Ont.



The New Books

by Perry Githens
THE QUEEN OF NINEVEH (Covici-Friede) by Alger-
non Crofton, is another of
those rare books for those
rare persons who read that
masterly translation of legend and his-
tory called the Bible for aesthetic rather
than religious reasons.

The scene is that ancient city of "in-
credible magnificence and power, vice
and unbelievable ferocity" which came
to be called "the wickedest city"—
Nineveh.

Against the background of splendor
and luxury and cruelty moves the story
of King Sardanacus, and the fair-
haired, blue-eyed slave girl whom he
would make his queen, and because of
whose death at the hands of her royal
rival, Tamar, he utterly destroyed his
kingdom and himself.

Nineveh, half forgotten before his-
tory began, lives again in the beautiful
and compact prose of Crofton.

REPORTER (John Day), by Meyer
Levin, is a long, rambling first novel
chiefly concerned with the impressions
of a young emotionalist in the news-
paper business.

Every page is topped by a sample
headline. The style is jerky. The
narrative is continually interrupted by
fragments of newspaper stories written
by the reporter in the slobbery, senti-
mental manner derisively referred to
as the "somebody's mother" school of
journalism.

Through this pandemonium of
shrieking headlines and dreary "stories"
runs the thread of the narrative, like a
clarinet solo in a boiler factory.

Over-long and under-written, *Re-
porter* is worth while mainly for its
picture of newspaper life in Chicago,



"The bootlegger puts the cat out."

**When you throw
a real party—
serve**

Apollinaris

**Your
guests will at once see
that you wish them
to have only the best.**

*The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World*

**Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York**

Fight Fat

in this right way



A great cause of excess fat lies in an under-
active gland. Medical science discovered that
fact some years ago. Experiments on thousands
of animals proved that fat departed when this
cause was corrected. Then physicians the
world over began to use the method in treating
human obesity. Since then, excess fat has been
fast disappearing. Slender figures are the rule.
You see that everywhere.

About 21 years ago this method was em-
bodied in Marmola prescription tablets. People
have used them for two decades—millions of
boxes of them. Users told the results to
others—the loss in weight, the gain in health
and vigor. Thus the use has grown to enor-
mous proportions. That is one great reason
for the slender figures, the youth and beauty
that you see today.

No starvation is required, no hard work.
One simply takes four tablets daily until
weight comes down to normal. Every box
contains the formula, also the reasons for
results. You know what you are taking and
why.

If you need help in fighting fat, this is the
help to employ. Use what has done so much
for so many, for so long. Deal with the cause.
Don't wait longer. A normal figure will mean
much to you. Go start Marmola now.

Marmola prescription tablets are
sold by all druggists at \$1 per box.
If your druggist is out, he will get
them at once from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

where there are no tabloid: because most of the papers are that way, anyway.

THE SEVEN DIALS MYSTERY (*Dodd, Mead*), by Agatha Christie is good, clean fun for the tired bank president and others who devour mystery stories on a quantity basis.

A chap (English) is bumped off at a house party (also English), another is shot in a roadway (the whole thing is English, as a matter of fact) and it begins to look bad for the secret formula until the flower of the nobility rallies round the jolly old secret service to save old England for the American mystery fans.

Here is your chance to try out the good old scheme of picking out the least suspicious character and nailing the dastardly crime on his bowler. The only trouble is in finding the least suspicious character.

There are so many of them in *The Seven Dials Mystery*.

THE UNTOLD STORY (*Liveright*), by Mary Desti, is another chapter of the private life of Isadora Duncan. Like the book by Irma Duncan and Alan Ross Macdougall, it recounts the events leading up to the tragedy of the Duncan's death.

I will make no comparisons of the two books. Both are sincere, both are fragmentary, neither has the power and majesty of the original.

But they are all we have, and if they lack perspective, so do we. Those who read and liked "My Life" will want to read the sequels. Those who didn't, won't.

"Have you any overnight cases?"

"Yes, ma'm—plenty."

"Give me seven then, I'll be gone at least a week."

BUM (*picking up cigarette butt on the street*) "That's how I keep my figure, Bill. Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."



Mr. Harold Van Schlurman—at left—believes he must have made a mistake in trying to introduce the flying tackle in ping-pong.

7Cool

INGRAM shaves are yours for the asking!



AND until you do clip the little coupon down below—until you try Ingram's Shaving Cream yourself—you can never know all the cool comfort a man can now get with his morning shave!

The point is that Ingram's is cool... cool... COOL... COOL. It's different. It's unique! The first time you get it on your face you can't help knowing it's a cooler, more bracing shaving cream!

For Ingram's is the shaving cream purposely planned to take the sting out of the morning shave and to leave a smooth skin and a clear cheek when the job is finished.

Ingram's is a shaving cream, a lotion and a face freshener all in one! No

lotions need apply after Ingram's has been foaming on your face! Ingram's has three special healing and cooling ingredients which tighten and tone the skin while you shave. And after the job is done you're as fresh as a daisy.

That coupon just below brings you seven glorious, cool morning send-offs. Our sample is no beauty to look at but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had!

Don't fail to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life!

Clip the coupon! Do it now!



7 COOL SHAVES FREE

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E 39
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

© B.-M. Co., 1938

He coughed ...the Villain!

and the love scene had
to be taken all over!



MADGE BELLAMY
... Beautiful Fox star
in her latest release,
"Mother Knows Best."



© P. Lorillard Co.,

Est. 1900

Madge Bellamy explains the growing popularity of Old Golds in Hollywood

"The 'hero' in a movie may easily become the 'villain' if he coughs at the wrong time. A cough isn't nice, but when it interrupts the taking of a movie scene, it's a calamity! The high tension of movie work makes smoking a vital relaxation. But we relax with OLD GOLDS. They're as smooth as the polished manner of Adolphe Menjou, who himself is an OLD GOLD fan. While they're the most enjoyable of cigarettes, OLD GOLDS mean absolute 'fade-out' for throat-scratch and smoker's cough."

(SIGNED)

Madge Bellamy



On your Radio... OLD GOLD — PAUL WHITEMAN HOUR... Paul Whiteman, King of Jazz, with his complete orchestra, broadcasts the OLD GOLD hour every Tuesday, from 9 to 10 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over the entire network of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Why not a cough in a carload?

OLD GOLD cigarettes are blended from HEART-LEAF tobacco, the finest Nature grows... Selected for silkiness and ripeness from the heart of the tobacco plant... Mellowed extra long in a temperature of mid-July sunshine to insure that honey-like smoothness.

eat a chocolate, light an Old Gold, and enjoy both!

Movies

(Continued from Page 21)

she shoots him five more times. If there had been a BB air rifle handy she would probably be at it yet.

Miss Eagles spends the rest of the time lying herself out of jail and recovering the incriminating "letter" she wrote her lover the night of the bombardment. The husband never suspects his wife's guilt until after she is freed, and the picture terminates just as the play did with a dramatic scene during which the wife admits her guilt and declares she will always love the man she killed.

Every member of the cast speaks lines well. Special mention should be made of the performances of O. P. Heggie as the lawyer who defends the wife, and Lady Tsen Mei as the lover's Chinese mistress.

To repeat—"The Letter" is pretty good entertainment.

"The Dummy"

ANOTHER crook and detective story, and not a good one by any means. A little girl is kidnaped, and in order to learn her whereabouts the smart detective arranges to have the gang kidnap a very bright little boy

who is in his employ. The boy who pretends to be a deaf mute, is taken to the house where the little girl is being held, and manages to get word to the detective of the gang's hang-out. Being a bighearted fellow, the detective will not take an unfair advantage of the kidnapers, so he goes to the house alone. In the meantime the mother of the little girl has arrived with the head crook for the purpose of ransoming her child, but she unfortunately forgets to bring any money which, of course, causes an argument. The detective hears the noise and rushes into the room, without thinking to draw his gun, and is overpowered in one of the worst stage battles on record.

The rest of the action is just as convincing. Ruth Chatterton, (advertised as the star for box office reasons) does nothing more entertaining than to go about whining for her child and generally making herself the type of wife that accounts for most of the male patronage at Reno. Mickey Bennett is the precocious lad who foils the crooks. Horatio Alger used to make a living writing books about little boys just like Mickey.

Don't see "The Dummy" unless you have nothing else to do.



Complete Easter service.

Everywhere,
men and women

look for the symbol which assures

absolute certainty in motor car buying



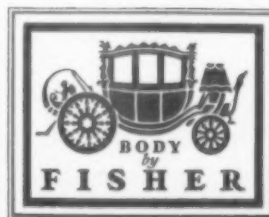
To prospective motor car purchasers who are, perhaps, confused by the assertions of superior merit on every side, it is comforting to know that there is a sure and simple way of arriving at super-quality and super-value in a motor car.

No matter in what price field one may be interested, the emblem "Body by Fisher" guides the

prospect unfailingly to the better motor car in every price field—and not only because "Body by Fisher" also means "General Motors car". Years, even, before Fisher became a part of General Motors, Fisher deliberately restricted its clientele to those manufacturers noted for the superiority of their cars.

Thus Fisher was attracted to membership in General Motors as inevitably as a magnet attracts fine steel. It is for this reason that the emblem "Body by Fisher" actually constitutes absolute assurance of better value in those cars (listed below) to which it is affixed.

CADILLAC • LA SALLE • BUICK • OAKLAND
PONTIAC



GENERAL MOTORS

OLDSMOBILE
CHEVROLET

what a whale of a difference
just a few *drops* make



Yes....
and what a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

... a definite extra price for a
definite extra tobacco-goodness

fatima
CIGARETTES

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.